

thing than the first, by being as fine as grass and almost as succulent as wire. The settler could make but a living at best, and that a miserable one. And for what incentives? Does this climate offer such benefits and pleasures to any human being who has seen North America, that he will struggle from year to year to find him in it? Does eating dried monkeys, the tails of alligators and *farrina* exert an epicurean spell over him? Does he glory in malarious fevers, pestiferous insects of every grade known to entomology or to the Coleoptera of the Amazon? or does he luxuriate in beatific isolation from the whole civilized world? These, I fancy, are not the rewards of American colonization; and these being positively the only inducements offered by the Amazon, the time is rapidly coming when we shall hear of no more suffering Americans along the river or at Pará, but when this new paradise of the imagination may commence its eternal sleep without the least fear of ever being disturbed by any North American in the possession of his ordinary common sense.

SOUTHERN CROSS.

## HAVANA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HAVANA, Saturday, Oct. 13, 1855.  
A decree has recently been issued respecting the "Cedulas" of the Emancipated, which I deem of sufficient importance to send you a translation. It is as follows:

"Governor and Captain General and Delegate, Superintendent of the Real Hacienda of the ever faithful Island of Cuba: When by the order of the Governor of the Emancipated, I ordered that the cedulas of the emancipated should be issued from the secretary of the superior Government's office, it was my intent among other purposes to make certain of the validity of the cedulas, and the means of which were also ordered from the same office, and thus to make clear all doubts that had resulted from the previous proceedings, and which we had to deal with every day in this matter. Now, my object having been attained, and as we are going to issue the cedulas from the secretary's office, I deem it proper to decree as follows:

"1st. From the 1st of January ensuing, these cedulas of security to the emancipated will be issued by the governors and lieutenant-governors of the districts where the emancipated reside at the time of renewing their cedulas, every six months.

"2d. There shall be given to the governors and lieutenant-governors by the superior Government the proper books, from which they will cut out and deliver to the cedulas of the emancipated.

"3d. The governors and lieutenant-governors must give a statement to the superior Government each six months of the cedulas they have issued during the preceding six months.

"4th. The governors and lieutenant-governors must, at the end of each six months, to the treasurer of their district, the amount they have received for cedulas.

"5th. When the governors and lieutenant-governors have finished their books, they must send to the superior Government the duplicate of the cedulas (margins) of the cedulas that remain in their possession.

"Havana, 4th October, 1855. CONCHA."

Comment on the foregoing is quite unnecessary. It will only give some little extra trouble to see that the "cedulas" of the emancipated are regularly renewed.

We have quite a change of weather. Heavy rains have served to freshen the atmosphere, and it is now delightfully cool (not cold) and pleasant.

## AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN PARIS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PARIS, Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1855.  
A cotemporary editor advised his foreign correspondent thus: "You will not fail to take if you will 'only lie.' The editor knew his own interests and the weakness of his readers.

"The world I live to be deceived," said one to the Pope. "Let it be deceived, then," replied the holy father.

I am much disposed to minister to your pleasures; to yours, black and blue eyes above me, and will strive to humor your penchants as much as conscience tenderness will allow; but if I do not always "lie" with malice or aforethought, and if I sometimes fail to adhere with rigor to the spirit of the law ratified by editors and popes, I trust you will pardon me on the merit of some redeeming traits of wisdom. Rest assured, I pray you, that I will refrain religiously from vouching for the truth of much I write. This is the sincerest solace I can offer you, when facts tread too hard on fiction.

Ergo, primo. The last assassination of the Emperor was the most popular and interesting falsehood which has lately excited us. The emperor was shot by one of the Hundred Guards. A certain general and his regiment, on hearing of the providential removal of his majesty, immediately proclaimed Henry V, king of France. This regiment was soon despatched to the commander. In the same passing category you may be informed that these handsome Hundred Guards are wild fellows, with whose debits come importunities, whom his majesty is determined to tame or degrade; and that it was in revenge for transgressions of imperial displeasure at their bacchanal paces that this last gun was fired. Akin to this comes the merging of the guards in other companies, and their majesties' purpose of taking page, after the manner of the first emperor and the Empress Josephine. The latter had sometimes twenty little boys, sons of Napoleon's nobles, tip-toeing on the steps and appendages of her carriage. The effect would be pretty much the same as the present emperor's carriage, and make it more like a *corbelle*, with Capids hovering about their beautiful mother, Eugénie. And if these pages could hold their offices as prizes of honor, how the crowns and ribbons of the public schools and institutions would fall into insignificance, and how few would the imperial persons be guarded from random shots by the breasts of these children of the people! *Voilà une idée!* Next in this unofficial list comes the establishment of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant in the palace of St. Cloud, with reflections upon Austrian archduchesses' souvenirs of Paris:

Marie Antoinette!  
Marie Louise!

What histories for a descendant of Marie Therese, and a grandson of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. St. Cloud! whose acquisition by Marie Antoinette provoked the prejudices of the populace. St. Cloud! from whence Charles X and Louis Philippe went into exile!

Apropos to truth—you perceive lingering faithfulness to my text: I do not cite the truth without warning you thereof beforehand—apropos to truth, Paris is composed of one and one, which makes two things, viz: War and Exposition. Two spectacles are presented at once on the same stage. The world talks of nothing else but one of these, if we except the other.

Exposition is a rage as wild as victory. The mania of medals and charity is at its acme. Priceless elect, handsome toilettes, laces and embroidered handkerchiefs, are published at the Exposition as offerings to the soldiers' widows and orphans. The imperial prince will doubtless turn them to bread and sauce, which do better comfort, warm and cheer, and dry more tears, than the rare elegances from those showy cases.

The gallery of "cheap articles" attracts the Emperor's attention and encouragement.

The Utopia of the working classes will be entered when their reasons are a little increased. Even champagne-glasses have been brought within the means of those who as yet have never used them, and who never would suspect them to be bought than violet or rose-bud vases.

Surgeons and philanthropists are enjoying the reports of rumors of the artificially legged societies, where each attendant manifests with his utmost grace the claimed superiority of his particular locomotor.

Exposed meats, biscuits, pickles, cheeses and sugary-plums, are honored at Exposition entertainments. Toasts are drunk on prize wines—dignified perfected by prime cigars. Jurors make their toilet with exposed razors, soaps and perfumes—make their correspondence with exposed paper, pens and ink, and expose themselves every day with Prince Napoleon in their various examinations. The other day we saw them testing wines. A servant followed their

rush from "and to stand with silver waiter and small glasses. The Prince has a handsome hand; he held his glass aristocratically, sipped frankly; but once he made most comic grimaces, which M. Vatoume as a caricaturist, could not surpass in spirituality.

The Prince is stout and tall, with dark eyes and hair and fine complexion. The form of his head bears a striking resemblance to that of the first Emperor. His Highness was in most unimpaired fatigue costume—black cravat, green frockcoat, and nankin-looking waistcoat and trousers. He seemed a "half fellow" with "well met" among his jurors, who tasted and made "face less distinctions" than his. Hagarth could have produced a funny picture of them and us, fought by their busy approach to our quarters, from whence we escaped and half hid ourselves behind one of the colonies' trophies of the Annex. Perhaps we were too much amused by the grimaces, for the Prince noticed us and glared one eye with his quizz at a pretty girl of our party, which act of course my manly dignity was bound to pronounce as imperially impertinent. Nevertheless we enjoyed the group extremely, and decided the Prince to be the handsomest and most interesting object in it.

Luxury, as much as the simple arts of industry, is encouraged by the Exposition. The former has long been directed toward infinity. Drama, furniture, establishments, equipages and women prove its onward march. War suggests economy. Rates of rents and provisions promise no curtailments. Fashion has run to folly in female attire. The simplest mantua-maker now, by her grand tulle and ample bouffes, walks person to a duchess.

The pious even turn by in their consciences Father Ventura's "epistle to the Parisiens."

"O my sisters," cries he, "why all that show and scandal of useless adjustments? What reward returns to you for all your sacrifices to the mode? Do you know the adorning, the most magnificent and the most becoming for a Christian woman? It is simply the robe of grace, with the richness of mortification, the richness of patience, the richness of devotion, the richness of chastity, the richness of modesty, and the richness of piety. This is all the costume the preacher leaves to his charming flock. Really, the return to simplicity could not go farther.

Queen Pomare's subjects could adopt it rigidly since an Otaheite is Dame's toilette, all complete, consists only of two earrings, which the preacher has not proposed to remove or replace.

Petitioners at four thousand francs, and dresses at five, ten and twenty thousand each, are admired by wives at the Exposition; husbands are doomed to patience and fragility, or despair and the Seine. Nothing else is expected to be caught up in the nets of the river.

The Palaces of Art and Industry do not contain all the "Exposition." Neighboring farms have their Autumn's labor done by prize agricultural implements. The Seine is troubled by boats and diving-bells. Several churches hold their organs in statu quo, on exhibition. We have just returned from the second trial of the organ of St. Vincent de Paul. We went early to honor the marriage of our daughter's daughter. The ceremony took place behind the altar in the Lady chapel. At the same time went in to have the funeral service of some deputy and peer of France. The nave was draped with black, heavy cloth. The funeral pile stood in the center of the church, surrounded by a mock coffin all covered with black, embroidered and fringed with silver. Colored flames in silver vases, hundreds of light tapers on silver candlesticks lit up the gloom. All other light was shut out but that of the upper gallery windows. The exterior front of the church was draped too, and in the center was the escutcheon of the deceased. The tented and black behind us contrasted strangely with the white and bridal joy of the other's daughter in the chapel of the Virgin.

When the marriage was consecrated and before the commencement of the music the organ waited for the clearing out of the tubular pews. The great curtains were dropped down—dozens of men piled on their heads and shoulders, tumbled among them and dragged them out of the church. And when we came out they lay in the porch piled up in rolls like masses of merchandise. There were also heaps of sashes and boxes containing the silver and embroidered dresses.

We continued our walks around the nave till after the music began. These churches leave one to pursue his devotions and meditations after the manner of the peripatetic, or like Plato, walking and discoursing in the Academy. The organs played sometimes with fantasy, then thunder, lightning, land, wind and sea—all the first wonders of creation rose from the chaos of their pipes. Then the earth was peopled and choir of human voices breathed a faint and distant harmony. What wonderful pianos possess the huge instrument! Sometimes its tones were subdued, pure and soft as a maiden's song or sigh—then came the crash of elements and the roar of thunderbolts. Its consequence of power and grandeur was divinely harmonized, and like the Almighty caring for birds, and harebells. We walked and lingered, except at the interludes, forgetting the pictured processions of saints and martyrs around the tribune of the church. These representations are full of sentiment and please us more than any modern frescoes we have seen in churches here. As these holy troops approach the half-memories, when the glory of the Sun appears, their robes are brighter, their attitudes more inspired, their lyres and harp toned with more ecstasy. The palm branches fall on their shoulders—crowns are added—the glory of the Lord appears. It is a troop of "those who come up continually from the wilderness, leading on the arm of their beloved." The Redeemer, angels, prophets and apostles, St. Vincent de Paul, and the foundations he offers, occupy the vault over the altar; to these the processions along the front of the galleries direct their steps. The composition is abundant in poetry and religion. Some details, however, are offensive. The Christ is colossal, after the manner of certain Roman frescoes; the angels are less, and the prophets still less in grandeur.

The patron saint and his children seem less than nature in size. This nonconformity of form excites too much the reason and provokes discussion. Harmony is treasured on, and the artistic sentiment gratified by the discord. It is the mute mysterious harmony existing in perfect works of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which, according to our own inner sense of beauty, produces the pleasure in us, kin to that received from music. Perfect harmony of form is as immutable as perfect harmony of sound. So the Venus di Medici, the Venus di Milo, the Apollo de Belvedere are immutably beautiful like the airs of Beethoven. St. Vincent de Paul is a very rich pretty church in the interior. It possesses the true Roman Basilica to me. I dislike, though, its columns, and feel them too thick, and most faulty in quality and color. They are of stone, but covered with composition, which imitates too truthfully trafficked turkey. Its exterior is extremely bare and disagreeable, though the curved routes and lofty steps which approach the church are handsome and imposing.

And now we think of churches, the Empress's patron, St. Eugénie, is being honored by a church which bears her name, now rising up in the Faubourg Poissonnière. The use of iron in its structure, together with the stone, will give remarkable lightness to its architecture, though it remains to be proved whether the effect will be agreeable. On the other side of the river, the high, rich, pointed towers of St. Clotilde add another ornament to the horizon which surrounds the Place de la Concorde.

If ever you come to Paris, take your first view from the foot of the Luxor column. In front are the Champs Elysees and the Arch of Triumph; back, the palace of the Tuilleries and its gardens; to the right is the church of the Madeleine; to the left, the Chamber of Deputies; around, are the towers of St. Clotilde and the dome of the Invalides, the Exposition, the Treasury, the Marine, the fountains, the marble horses of Mary, the statue of the Republic, the golden column for evening illumination. The Place is spacious

and smoothly paved; crowds of equipages, public carriages and foot people circulate with ease; costumes of all nations figure in the panorama. The foreground is spotted with bits of soldiers, red and blue, or horse guards' glittering helmets. Now, groups of Zouaves in their Algerine uniforms produce another picturesque effect. Military and funeral pomp often vary the scene. Last week the anniversary of St. Armand's death was celebrated with grand religious ceremonies at the Invalides. Friday, the Emperor and all his court repair to Rueil, to render similar honors to the Queen Hortense, when mass will be said for the repose of her soul. The anniversary service to Josephine occurs, I think, in May. Private families, too, celebrate the anniversaries of the death of their members. The first ceremony is usually a fac-simile representation of the burial service in the church; succeeding years offer only low masses. Some will leave provisions for masses to perpetuity.

The mourning of ten thousand French families is to be immortalized at the Invalides. The Emperor's first trophies—the flags of Sevastopol—are to be placed beside those of Austerlitz.

The much retarded English thanksgiving took place last Sunday. It is certainly amiable and Christian to sympathize so devoutly in the success of their allies. Sevastopol is partly taken, and we must be thankful for it. "How we applaud swim!" A fortnight was not too much for so sonorous a production as that of the archbishop of Canterbury's prayer. Everything needed to be done decently and in order. It was not proper that the church should pray before it had a prayer; and the people could not be properly thankful till they could say so, just as the Queen and archbishop did.

The French Te Deums were performed a fortnight before in the provinces and environs of Paris. The waters played at Versailles as they have done on every other Sunday since the Expedition, and as the day was fine, never was a greater influence of natives and strangers seen there. We helped form the queue for half an hour to obtain our railway tickets—though three bureaux issued them—and trains left every fifteen or twenty minutes. In the evening the return rush was too high. We gave our tickets to a poor fellow, willing to wait his turn, and took a private carriage home. It is always a delightful ride from Versailles to Paris, but that night all the villages through which we passed were their high-heeled shoes. Sévres, Chaville and St. Cloud celebrated with much display the fête. The horizon flashed with rockets and bouquets. The lights of St. Cloud shone with long lines of light along the palace terraces. Prince Albert had shown fire on the heights of Balmar—the emperor did as much at St. Cloud. Illuminations and crackers shone and snarled along our route. Our rats of horses flew into Paris in five quarters of an hour. Paris, too, was brighter than usual. How beautiful are the Champs Elysees and Quai when illuminated.

At the apogee of war and victory is the delicious music of the German choir, which has given its last concert this evening. They are seventy, under the direction of Franz Weber. They have no instrumental accompaniments. Their music is that of one voice—one breath inspires all. I need not tell you that the voices are all male, or that their expression is delightful. The human voice has that sympathy which no instrument can command; heart-beats regulate its music, and the breast warms the harmony. This choir has performed once at the Conservatory, where Rossini, Meyerbeer and Rogers listened with great delight. Their effects are perhaps more exquisite than those of the French Orpheus, yet it is difficult to decide, so profound are the impressions which the latter produce. The Orpheus number fifteen hundred men, women, boys and girls, all united by harmonious chords. No other music is like it.

Why cannot such societies be established in America, and be engrained into our churches? Congregational singing might be elevated and improved. Let those who pray be bound to sing. Without some such innovation our puritan forms of worship will ultimately degenerate to naps and snores. AN REVOIR.

## BATTLE WITH PIRATES BY AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAILORS.

From The Overland China Mail.

The boats of the Rattler and Powhatan had a desperate encounter with pirates near Kulan on Saturday, and eight seamen and marines killed and fifteen or sixteen wounded, some of them mortally. The pirates, on the other hand, were blown up in a tank, but fortunately were not little hurt. Ten pirate junks were taken and destroyed, the greater portion of their crews having been killed, and seven prizes liberated, five of which belonged to the English coast-guard. The smaller pirate junks escaped.

Last week we mentioned that two launches and five junks, under convoy of the steamer Eagle, had been cut off by pirates, who displayed such a formidable bravery and determined front that Capt. Caldwell was unable to rescue them, and was obliged to apply to the Rattler and Powhatan for assistance. The Rattler, with Capt. Caldwell on board, started for Kulan, near which they sighted the pirates and followed them as far into the bay as the depth of water would permit. The pirates, while aware of the Rattler's presence, did not make any attempt to resist, and were consequently an easy prey to the Rattler and Powhatan. The Rattler, with three boats and a hundred officers and men of the American steam-frigate, should form the expedition. Capt. Caldwell volunteered the use of his steamer to tow the boats up the bay. Accordingly the Rattler, with Capt. Caldwell on board, started for Kulan, near which they sighted the pirates and followed them as far into the bay as the depth of water would permit. The pirates, while aware of the Rattler's presence, did not make any attempt to resist, and were consequently an easy prey to the Rattler and Powhatan. The Rattler, with Capt. Caldwell on board, started for Kulan, near which they sighted the pirates and followed them as far into the bay as the depth of water would permit. The pirates, while aware of the Rattler's presence, did not make any attempt to resist, and were consequently an easy prey to the Rattler and Powhatan.

At five next morning the launches were sent along side of the Rattler for the marines, and then, with the Powhatan's cutter, and three boats from the Rattler, the captain's gig, made fast an arm of the Eagle, while the Rattler and Powhatan, steamed slowly up the bay. At Kulan only one junk was to be seen, and it was feared the birds had flown; but Capt. Caldwell desired a launch at anchor at the head of the bay, and steered in that direction. The launch got under weigh, apparently without the least suspicion of being followed. Followed by the Rattler and Powhatan, the launches were sent along side of the Rattler for the marines, and then, with the Powhatan's cutter, and three boats from the Rattler, the captain's gig, made fast an arm of the Eagle, while the Rattler and Powhatan, steamed slowly up the bay. At Kulan only one junk was to be seen, and it was feared the birds had flown; but Capt. Caldwell desired a launch at anchor at the head of the bay, and steered in that direction. 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